

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

FEB.
NO 7

COMICS

10¢

2
SECTIONS
IN ONE

ARMY

NAVY

THE BLUE TRACER
VS. THE ICEBERG OF
DEATH...



THE SNIPER TRACKS
DOWN ANOTHER
HUMAN MONSTER.



THE YANKEE EAGLE
THWARTS A NEW
SABOTAGE PLOT...



LOOPS AND BANKS
ON A CANNIBAL
ISLAND.



ALSO SECRET WAR NEWS
IN THE PHANTOM
ARMY OF VENGEANCE
AND MANY OTHERS



AND A
NEW
SMASH BLACKHAWK STORY... FEATURING *The*
RETURN OF GENGHIS KHAN

BURNING AND KILLING,
THE MONGOL HORDE
TERRORIZES THE WORLD



AT THEIR HEAD,
A MAD
MAN!!



EVEN HITLER IS
TREMBLING BEFORE
THEIR SAVAGE FURY!



AND ALONE
AGAINST DEATH
STANDS



BLACKHAWK!!

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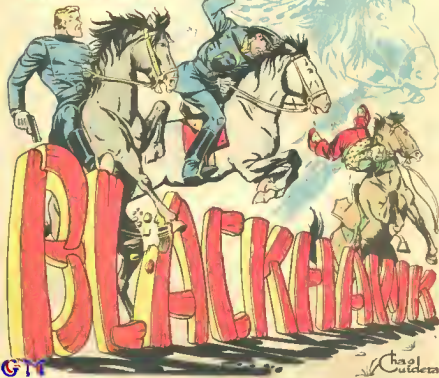
STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND

Section 1.

ARMY

TOO YEARS AGO, A MAN
ALMOST CONQUERED THE
WORLD! WITH HIS MONGOL
LEGIONS HE SWIFT FROM THE
CHINA SEAS WESTWARD TO
THE VERY DOORS OF VIENNA!
THEN... IN 1227 HE DIED...
LEAVING BEHIND HIM A SWORD
AND A PROMISE... A PROMISE
TO RETURN ONCE MORE... AND
WITH HIS GREAT SWORD, RIDE
AGAIN OVER THE CIVILIZED WORLD!!
SOMEWHERE IN ASIA TODAY IS THE
GREAT SWORD AND A HIDDEN TOMB...
...AND THENCE GO THE *Blackhaws*
TO PREVENT THE
RETURN OF

GENERIC KHAN!



HIGH ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD IN INGE MONGOLIA WHERE THE FROSTY TOPS OF THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS REACH OUT AND SCRAPER THE SKY, A SOLITARY NOMAD HAPPENS UPON A HIDDEN CRAG. HE HALTS IN AWE...



TELL ME ANCIENT ONE-- IS THIS REALLY THE TOMB OF GENGHIS KHAN?

YES--AND I AM ITS GUARDIAN! YES HERE I SIT AND WAIT FOR HIM TO LIVE AGAIN.



HERE I HAVE SAT FOR CENTURIES AND STOPPED EACH PASSING STRANGER AND ASKED HIM TO TRY TO REMOVE THE SWORD FROM THE ROCK, AND CLEAVE THE TOMBSTONE! IF HE SUCCEEDS, I WILL KNOW HE IS GENGHIS



YES--BUT IF YOU FAIL, I MUST KILL YOU--TO KEEP THE SECRET--SIGH MANY HAVE TRIED!



BENOLD! IT IS DONE! NOW THE ROCK! CLEAVE THE ROCK!



AYEEE--IT IS SO!! YOU ARE THE KHAN REBORN!



THE GREAT SWORD SINGS AGAIN / ONCE MORE THE CIVILIZED WORLD WILL CRUMBLE BEFORE THE GOLDEN HORDE! GENGHIS KHAN RISES AGAIN!... THESE YEARS I HAVE WAITED--BUT NOT IN VAIN!



THE WORLD KHAN AGAIN! THE GREAT SWORD OF THE LEGEND!

I AM THE KHAN.



"AND AS THE NEW KHAN DESCENDS UPON AN UNSUSPECTING WORLD--A STRANGE THING OCCURS--THE OLD SENTINEL CRUMBLES TO DUST!



DAYS LATER, IN A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE....

TO HORSE, WARRIORS! I AM GENGHIS KHAN! RISE! FOLLOW THE GREAT SWORD TO CONQUEST AND GLORY!



HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH! IT IS THE GREAT SWORD OF THE LEGEND! LET US FOLLOW! AYE! TOO LONG HAVE WE LIVED IN POVERTY AND SQUALOR! ONCE AGAIN THE TARTAR HORDES WILL SWEEP THE EARTH!



FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE THE CRY GOES OUT... "GENGHIS KHAN HAS RETURNED! FOLLOW THE GREAT SWORD TO THE SEA...."



IN A REMOTE MOUNTAIN HAMLET, HOWEVER, A LOCAL CHIEFTAIN DOUBTS THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE "NEW KHAN"....

"GENGHIS KHAN"---BAH! I WILL SHOW YOU WHO IS LEADER HERE---GO!



BEHOLD! HE IS IMMORTAL! THE BLADE SHATTERED ON HIS BODY! HE IS INDEED GENGHIS KHAN!



RAGING ONWARD LIKE A MOUNTAIN TORRENT, THE FOLLOWERS OF THE SWORD SWEEP ONTO THE PLAINS!



WARRIORS! CAST OFF THE YOKES!--ONWARD TO THE SEA!

AND SOON THE WORLD TREMBLES AT THE FEARFUL NEWS---GENGHIS KHAN IS RISEN! LIKE A WAVE OF FLAME, EVER GROWING STRONGER, THE GOLDEN HORDE AGAIN BURNS BRIGHTLY, SWIFTLY, THROUGH ASIA!



WEEKS LATER, A TINY BAND
OF WEARY MONKS TOILE
UP A STEEP MOUNTAIN
TRAIL---



SUDDENLY---

LOOK! SMOKE!
FROM THE
MISSION!

COME ON!
THAT MAY
MEAN
TROUBLE!



BEHOLD THE DANGER OF
THE MISSION! THEY FIND---

BURNED TO
THE GROUND!

FADEE!
PADRE!
WHERE ARE
YOU?



HERE--
MY---
SON---

PADRE, WHAT HAVE THEY
DONE TO YOU? HERE
LET US HELP YOU!



NO, MY SON! I
MUST SPEAK--
BEFORE I DIE!
THE--MAN---
POSING--AS
GENGHIS KHAN
---HE MUST
BE STOPPED!



I SENT FOR YOU,
FOR YOU ARE THE
ONLY MEN ALIVE
WHO CAN STOP
THIS--- MAD-
MAN! HEAVEN
GIVE--YOU--
STRENGTH

DEAD!
IMAGINE
AN OLD
MAN LIKE
THIS
BARRING
THE GATE
WITH HIS
OWN ARM--
SAVE THE
CHILDREN!



FOR A MOMENT, THE SAD-
DENED MONKS STARE AT
EACH OTHER--- THEN--

THIS SLAUGHTER
MUST END!

RIGHT!
AND WE'RE
THE ONES
WHO ARE
GOING TO
END IT!



IN A FLASH, THEY REVEAL
THEMSELVES AS THE
Blackhawks!

THERE'S NO
TIME TO
WASTE! TO
THE HORSES!

YA! VE RIX
DEM FOR
KILLING DE
PADRE!



THE TRAIL SHOULD BE
EASY TO FOLLOW! LET'S
GO BLACKHAWKS!



BRANDON'S REAR REACHED
THE GREAT CAPITALS OF THE
WORLD... LONDON...

THE MONGOL HORDE IS THE
GREATEST MENACE THE
WORLD HAS SEEN! WE MUST
STOP ALL PRESENT HOST-
ILITIES AND Wipe OUT
THIS GENGHIS KHAN!



WASHINGTON...

AND I AM IN AGREEMENT
WITH THE PLAN TO CALL A
TRUCE UNTIL THE MONGOL
UPRISING HAS BEEN
PUT DOWN!



BERLIN....

OF COURSE I SIGN DER
PEACE TREATY! DER
FOOLS! DEY PLAY RIGHT
INTO MY HANDS! VEN
DEY TURN TO ASIA, I
CONQUER DE WORLD!



VON TROPE! GO TO DIS
KHAN. MAKE A DEAL VIT
HIM...LATER HE VILL BE
EASY TO DISPOSE OF...
OFFER HIM ANYTHING TO
KEEP UP HIS FIGHTING!

IT VILL BE DONE!
NEIL HITLER!



DAYS LATER, THE *Black-
flames* STILL FOLLOW THE
BLOODY PATH OF THE
MONGOL HORDE...

AN EASY TRAIL TO
FOLLOW, AS
YOU SAID! DEATH,
FRE, DESTRUC-
TION!

THERE'S A
VILLAGE
UP AHEAD!
MAYBE WE
CAN GET
INFORMATION
THERE!



CHOP CHOP AND HURRY
I WILL GO IN
AHEAD! I'LL
SEND WORD
IF I NEED YOU

BACK, OR
WE WILL
COME
AFTER
YOU!



SHORT TIME LATER
IN THE TOWN...

BY THE PROPHECIES OF
OUR ANCESTORS--THE
DAY HAS COME! GENGHIS
KHAN LIVES AND THE GREAT
SWORD SINGS AGAIN!



AND IT IS SAID
THEY WILL
SWEEP TO THE
SEA AND THE
MIGHTY KHAN
WILL ONCE
MORE RULE
THE WORLD

SO IT IS
WRITTEN--
AS THE
LOCUST
SWARM THEY
FLOW LEVEL
ING ALL BE
FORE THEM



THEY COME!
THEY COME!
A THOUSAND
DEATHS ARE
UPON US!

COME ON,
CHOP CHOP!
WE'D BETTER
GET BACK
TO THE
OTHERS!



AND AGAIN LIKE AN IRRESISTIBLE FLOOD, THE NUMBERLESS HORDES OF GENGHIS KHAN ROLL OVER HELPLESS VICTIMS---

Blackhawk AND CHOP-CHOP ARE CAUGHT IN THE MAD RUSH---



LOOK OUT, CHOP-CHOP! BEHIND YOU!

한글!! NO LOOK! RUN!



AND SO, THE MONGOL LEADER
COMES UPON THIS SCENE...

HO! LITTLE MAN IS BRAVE!
GREAT FIGHTER TO KILL SO
MANY MEN!



COME LITTLE
FIGHTER, I
MAKES YOU
GENERAL!

ME BLACKHAWK!
ME NOT JOIN
REBELS!!
MURDERERS!



COME! WILL
YOU BE COME
OR GENERAL

IS I HAVE
CHOICE...
HMM...VELLY
WELL... I BE
GENERAL!



MEANWHILE, ON THE PLAIN
OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

GREAT CROSS-MARKED
BIRD ALIGHTS! TELL THE
GREAT KHAN!



THE NAZI ENVOY, VON TROFF,
APPEARS...

I COME FROM DER GREAT
WHITE CONQUEROR UPF
DER WEST! TAKE ME TO
YOUR LEADER!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

...UND VE VILL
GIVE YOU
GUN, PLANES,
EVERYTHING!

AND FROM
ME--WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?



NOTHING, BUT
SOON, HALF DER
WORLD VILL BOW
TO YOU--AND
HALF TO OUR
FUEHRER

HALF?
POOL! I
GERMANS
KHAN
WILL RULE
THE WHOLE
WORLD!



YOU ARE STUPID!
VE CAN CRUSH
YOU LIKE...
UFF!

SILENCE!
TAKE HIM
TO THE
TORTURES!



LATER...

BLACKHAWK!
VAT VILL DEY
DO TO US?

THE THINGS
THEY DO TO
YOU WOULD
MAKE YOUR
GESTAPO
BLUSH
WITH
SHAME!



WHILE HIGH ON THE HILL,
THE **Blackhawk** HAVE
SEEN THE CAPTURE ---

WE MUST HELP
BLACKHAWK!
BUT WHAT CAN
WE DO?

THE NAZI
PLANE!
THAT'S WHAT
WE NEED!
COME ON!

BATTLING DESPERATELY,
THEY REACH THE PLANE ---

LOOK OUT, BOYS! NAZIS
COMING THROUGH!
HA! LITTLE
MEN ARE
TOO EASY
FOR OLAF!

...AND ROAR INTO THE AIR!



AND NOW WE
HEAR THIS
ONE SCREAM
FOR MERCY!

YOU WON'T
GET A SOUND
FROM ME,
YOU BUTCHERS!

SCREAM,
WHITE
MAN,
SCRE--

STOP! CHOP-
CHOP COMMAND
IT! CEASE!
QUIT! STOP!

SO LITTLE GENERAL! I KILL
REVOLTS! KILL HIM! I KI--
AAGHH



THAT PLANE!
IT MUST BE
THE OTHERS!

MIST
BLACKHAWK!
QUICK! WE
CUT ROPES!
YOU RUN!

ATTABOY,
CHOP CHOP!
JUST IN
TIME!

HULLY UP!
MOB COMES
BEHIND!
WHEN PLANE
LANDS WE
JUMP
ASOARD!



LATER HIGH IN THE AIR ---

MEANWHILE ---

ONE BURST OF
MACHINE GUN
FIRE WOULD
FINISH THIS
GENGHIS KHAN

NO! IT WOULD
ONLY MAKE
HIM A MARTYR.
HE MUST BE
EXPOSED

THE TIME HAS COME!
TO HORSE! TO HORSE!
WE RIDE!



WITH THE ROAR OF A MILLION HOOPS, THE HUGE ARMY SWEEPS DOWN FROM THE NORTH!



THE VERY GROUND TREMBLES BENEATH THE ROLLING THUNDER OF THE MAD MULTITUDE!



IN BLIND BLOOD-LUST THEY FOLLOW THEIR LEADER--GENGHIS KHAN!

THE JEWELLED BLADE FLASHES HIGH--THE GREAT ARMY RUMBLER TO A HALT!

LOOK THERE, O' GREAT ONE!

DO MY EYES TRICK ME? IT CANNOT BE!



HALT! I CANNOT BELIEVE MY EYES!



Blackhawk SPEAKS, BREAKING THE UNNATURAL SILENCE!

WARRIORS OF MONGOLIA, I HAVE COME TO EXPOSE THIS MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF GENGHIS KHAN! I CHALLENGE HIM TO BATTLE!



THE LEADER ZONES IN RAGE!

NO! FOOL! I WILL TAKE YOUR HEAD AS AN APOLOGY! SO!

NOT THIS TIME, BIG TAKE YOUR HEAD SHOT!



AH! LET'S GET DOWN TO EARTH!

DOG! FOR THIS I WILL-- BOOF!



ON FOOT, THE HUGE MONGOL
RUSHES AT Blackhawk!

NOW! MEET YOUR DEATH!
YOU MEET THIS ONE!



WELL,
I'LL BE--
ARMOR!



THERE! THAT MAKES
IT EVEN!



MAD WITH RAGE, THE
LEADER RUSHES AGAIN!

ARRGH! I WILL COME AND
CRUSH YOU WITH MY
HANDS! GET IT!
IT'S ALL WOUND UP!



BOOOOF!

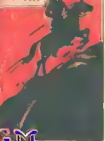


A MOMENT LATER...

AND SO YOU SEE, WE HAVE
HIS ABILITY TO WITHSTAND THE
BLOW OF A SWORD WAS ONLY A
FAKE! HE IS A FAKE! HE
TRICKED YOU!



THE MONGOL LEADER RIDES
AWAY... LEAVING THE
FIND TO THE JUSTICE HE DESERVES
--AT THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE HE SO
GREATLY WRONGED!



AND SO, AS THE MONGOLS
RETURN TO THEIR NOR-
MAL PURSUITS, THE
Blackhawk SCORES
ANOTHER VICTORY IN
THEIR UNCEASING
STRUGGLE FOR PEACE
AND LIBERTY!



THE BLUE TRACER

AND THE
ICEBERG
OF
DEATH

LOOKS LIKE
THEY'RE ALL
DEAD DOWN
THERE!

IN
COOPERATION
WITH THE UNITED
STATES FLEET
PATROLLING THE
NORTH ATLANTIC,
BILL DUNN AND
BOOMERANG JONES FLY
THEIR BLUE TRACER IN
SEARCH OF THE MYSTERY
SHIP THAT HAS BEEN SINKING
ALLIED SHIPPING, WITHOUT
A TRACE OR A SURVIVOR!
BELOW THEM THEY SUDDENLY
DISCOVER A LIFEBOAT TOLLING
IN THE OCEAN SWELL o o o

BY FRED
GUARDINEER

WE'LL RADIO FOR A PATROL
BOAT TO PICK IT UP—I DON'T
UNDERSTAND IT NO ENEMY
SUBMARINES OR RAIDERS
HAVE BEEN REPORTED
FOR WEEKS!

ONLY THING FLOAT-
ING AROUND THIS
TIME OF YEAR IS
AN OCCASIONAL
ICEBERG AND
THEY'RE EASY
ENOUGH TO
AVOID!

ALL WE CAN DO NOW
IS RETURN TO ICELAND
AND REPORT TO THE
COMMANDER!

BACK AT THE MAINLAND, IT IS SOON VERIFIED THAT THE LIFEBOAT AND ITS GRUESOME CARGO ARE ALL THAT REMAINS OF ANOTHER OF THE MYSTERY SHIP'S VICTIMS

ONLY BEEN DEAD A COUPLE HOURS WHEN YOU FOUND THEM!



MACHINE-GUNNED SO THEY COULDN'T GIVE AWAY THE SECRET OF WHAT SUNK THEIR SHIP!



IN THE MEANTIME, ANOTHER MERCHANT VESSEL SPEEDS TOWARDS ENGLAND.



NOT A PERISCOPE IN SIGHT - NOTHING TO FEAR EXCEPT THE ICEBERGS!

THAT'S FINE, MATE!



BUT AS THEY PASS CLOSE TO SOME ICEBERGS, A SINISTER WHITE WAKE CUTS THE WATER TOWARD THE TANKER!

TORPEDO!



AND A HUGE EXPLOSION FOLLOWS!



IMMEDIATELY THE BROKEN SHIP STARTS TO SINK...

ABANDON SHIP -
MAN THE
LIFEBOAT!



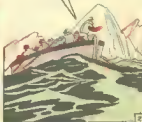
BUT NOT BEFORE THE BRAVE WIRELESS OPERATOR SENDS AN S O S WITH THE SHIP'S POSITION

TORPEDOED..
LONGITUDE 63°
LATITUDE 27°!



IN A FEW MINUTES ALL THAT REMAINS IS A SINGLE LIFEBOAT DRIFTING NEAR AN ICEBERG!

WATCH OUT FOR
THAT BIG BERG -
IT'S COMING
CLOSE!



SUDDENLY THE FACES OF THE LIFE-BOAT CREW TURN TO FROZEN HORROR!



A BURST OF LEAD FROM A MACHINE GUN MOWS THEM DOWN...



A MINUTE LATER THE BLUE TRACER -IN ANSWER TO THE S.O.S., ZOOMS OVER THE DISTANT HORIZON!



THE GREAT BLUE MACHINE LANDS ON THE WATER BY THE LIFE BOAT!



THE DYING MAN BREATHES ONE WORD AND THEN COLLAPSES!



I DON'T GET IT! HOW COULD AN ICEBERG -



WHAT TH- THAT ICE BERG IS FLOATING THIS WAY PRETTY FAST!



YEAH! AND IT'S FLOATING AGAINST THE WIND AND WAVES - DUCK BACK INSIDE!

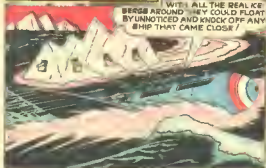


EVEN AS BILL SPEAKS MACHINE GUNS APPEAR IN THE SIDES OF THE STRANGE ICEBERG!



A STRANGE BATTLE ENSUES, AS THE BLUE TRACER, TAKEN BY SURPRISE, MANEUVERS TO KEEP OUT OF THE WAY OF THE CHARGING, SHOOTING ICEBERG!

WITH ALL THE REAL ICEBERGS AROUND THEY COULD FLOAT BY UNNOTICED AND KNOCK OFF ANY SHIP THAT CAME CLOSE!



FINALLY IN POSITION TO SHOOT, BILL FIRES POINT BLANK AT HIS OPPONENT.



AND SPEEDING OVER THE WAVES...

THAT THING IS DEFINITELY SOME KIND OF BOAT-WE'LL HAVE TO FIND WHAT MAKES IT TICK!



THE BLUE TRACER TAKES OFF AS BOOM BRANG SPRAYS THE "ICEBERG" WITH INCENDIARY BULLETS!



HEY - BILL! DIDJA EVER SEE AN ICEBERG ON FIRE? WELL I DO!



TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE TWO FIGHTING MEN, A COLUMN OF SMOKE RISES FROM THE ICEBERG!



I'LL RADIO TO HEADQUARTERS THAT THE NORTH ATLANTIC MYSTERYSHIP IS FOUND-NOW WE'LL GO DOWN AND FIGHT IT OUT WITH THEM!



OKAY - PREPARE TO DIVE RAM!



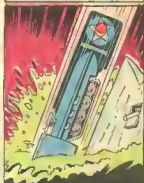
FOLDING ITS TELESCOPIC WINGS, THE BLUE TRACER DIVES LIKE A BOMB, TOWARD ITS TARGET!



BUT WITH SPEED UNKNOWN TO COMMON ICEBERGS, THIS STRANGE, FLOATING ODDITY, VEERS QUICKLY TO ONE SIDE!



THE BLUE TRACER MISSES ITS MARK.



AND PLUNGES INTO THE SEA!

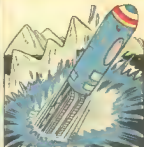
WE WERE TOO OVERCONFIDENT



WE'LL COME UP UNDER THEM!



THE ICEBERG ROCKS WITH THE CONCUSSION AS THE BLUE TRACER MANAGES TO WHACK IT A GLANCING BLOW!



AS BILL PREPARES TO RAM THEM ON THE SURFACE, A WHITE FLAG GOES UP OVER THE DAMAGED MYSTERY SHIP!



THEY ARE DESPERATE - IT MAY BE A TRICK!

THE WHITE WALLS OF THE FAKE ICEBERG ARE COLLAPSED, AND THE MYSTERY SHIP REVEALS ITSELF TO BE A CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED WOODEN RAFT, BUILT AROUND A SUBMARINE!



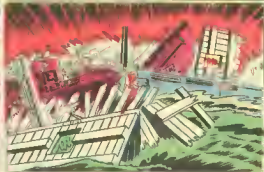
NAIL 'EM WITH THE DECK GUN!

BUT EVEN AS THE DECK GUN OF THE SUBMARINE BOOMS, THE BLUE TRACER CHARGES!

WE WON'T MISS THIS TIME!



DISREGARDING THE BLASTING CANNON BILL DRIVES HIS MACHINE INTO THE U-BOAT AND CRACKS IT ASUNDER!



QUICKLY FILLING WITH WATER, THE SUBMARINE REARS UP FOR ITS FINAL PLUNGE TO DAVEY JONES LOCKER

HERE COME THE BOYS!



A FEW SURVIVORS ARE RESCUED BY PATROL BOATS WHICH ARRIVE ON THE SCENE.

THAT BLUE TRACER DOES A GOOD JOB - WOW!



AND LATER - BACK AT HEAD-QUARTERS, BILL AND BOOMERANG ARE CHEERED LUSTILY FOR THEIR DARING EXPLOITS!

HURRAY FOR TH' BLUE TRACER!
THREE CHEERS FOR BILL AND BOOMERANG



A PREVIEW OF THE NEXT ISSUE IN WHICH THE BLUE TRACER SMASHES THE NAZI LINES ON THE FROZEN STEPPES OF RUSSIA - DON'T MISS THIS SUPER INSTALLMENT!

THE BLUE TRACER
IN DRUMS OF DOOM



LOOPS AND BANKS

By Bud Fisher.



HEADS UP, LOOPS...HERE COMES OLD GOURPUS!! HEY! TAKE A GANDER AT THE JANE!!

MUH!!...I WONDER HOW STINKY GAYES!!



ALL SET, GENTLEMEN! GOOD...LET'S GO OFF...OH, YES, WE'RE TAKING THIS...ER...YOUNG LADY TO MANILA WITH US! WELL! LET'S SHOVE OFF!

AYE, AYE SIR!

AYE, AYE SIR!



HEY LOOPS! WHAT'S A IDEA OF THE MOLL! IT AIN'T KOSHER!!

SO WHAT!...ORDERS IS ORDERS! WE AIN'T GOT NUTTIN' TO SAY...COME ON!



TAKING OFF, LOOPS HEADS THE PLANE SOUTHWEST...AND TWELVE HOURS LATER IS ABE OUT OVER THE PACIFIC....



JERPE!! THE STARBOARD MOTOR'S COOKED! OR ALL THE...

UH UH! CAREFUL! THERE'S A GUL ABOARD SHIP!

AW...FUDES!!



WE JUST FLEW OVER AN ISLAND LIEUTENANT! TELL CAPTAIN MCCANN TO LAND THERE FOR REPAIRS.

AYE! AYE SIR!



UNHAMPERED BY THE LOSS OF ONE ENGINE, LOOPS EXERTLY BRINGS THE SHIP DOWN TO A LANDING....



"HADING INTO SHORE BANKS DIRECTS HIS CROWD UP ON THE ROCK-STREWN BEACH--



O.K. LET HER DIE!

TWO HOURS LATER--

THE MOTOR'S FIRED, GENERAL...WE CAN GET GOIN', IF YOU WANT!



EX--AK--THERES BEEN A SUGGESTION THAT WE EXPLORE SOME OF THE ISLAND!! I THINK IT'S AN EXCELLENT IDEA!! WE CAN MEET BACK HERE IN AN HOUR! SHOVE OFF!!



THAT OLD GEEZER/HIS ALWAYS WAS A SORT TOUCH FOR A RED HEAD! I'D LIKE TO WRING THAT DAME'S NECK!

AW-- GUT BEEFIN!!



HEY LOOPS!! RIDE THE TEMPLE. COME ON!! MAYBE WE'LL FIND SOME JOOLS!!



YEAH...OR MAYBE SOME GOLD--GIMME A DRAG O' THAT BEFORE YOU TOSS IT AWAY!



MEANWHILE, THE GENERAL AND THE GIRL ORCLE THE OTHER END OF THE ISLAND...



AH!! GENERAL!! OUT FOR A LITTLE WALK PERHAPS PLEASE?



EXCUSE PLEASE, SO MUCH, BUT I MUST ASK YOU AND LADY TO COME WITH ME-- YOU WILL FOLLOW PLEASE?



I GUESS WE HAVENT MUCH CHOICE--COME, JANET!

ON THE OTHER SIDE, LOOPS AND BANKS CAUTIOUSLY ENTER THE TEMPLE--



WOW! IS IT DARK!!

BROTHER-- YOU AIN'T KIDDIN'!!



THIS IS SERIOUS
LOOPS; WE
GOTTA DO
SOMETHIN
QUICK
LIKE A
BUNNY!

I GOT
AN IDEA!
FOLLOW
ME!

UGRANA! INGRA LOOO
W? TRANSLATION:
SAY, SAM, DIDJA
EVER TASTE ANY
WHITE MEAT?

MONDO! NINGAMORO.
TRANSLATION: NAW!
SAY, I WONDER WHA
BECAME OF THOSE
GUYS
WE SAW?

2000!! MIGUEL!
TO!! TRANSLATION:
JOSH!!
WHERE ARE
YOU!! JOE!



MEANWHILE, IN THE TEMPLE, THE CHIEF AND HIS CANNIBALS GO THROUGH THEIR SAVAGE RITUAL, AND PREPARE TO KILL THE GENERAL AND THE GIRL....



CHIEF!! CHIEF!! WAIT!! MONDO!! BOONA!! KXNAY!!



REMEMBER CHUM ONE FALSE MOVE AND I PLAY TIC-TAC-TOE ON YOUR BACK ON THIS CARVING KNIFE!!



CAPTAIN SHH... I'LL MCKAYN!! CUT YOUR BONDS BUT MAKE PRETEND YOU'RE STILL TIED!!



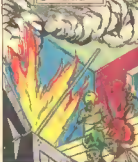
HE REFUSES... HE SAYS STEP ASIDE OR HE'LL KILL US ALL!!



AS THE CHIEF STEPS OMNINOUSLY FORWARD, LOOPS GETS FIRE TO A SPEAR AND HEAVES IT AWAY....



THIS AIM IS TRUE, AND THE BURNING SHARP LANDS IN A BIN OF GUNPOWDER, WHICH BURSTS INTO A HUGE WALL OF FLAME....



QUICK! THIS WAY!! THEY'LL BE AFTER US IN A SECOND OUR ONLY HOPE IS THE PLANE!!



LEAVING OUT OF THE TEMPLE
THE QUINTET DASHES
DOWN THE BEACH, THE
NATIVES IN PURSUIT...



SCORING THE PARTY CAN REACH
THE PLANE AN ARROW FINDS
ITS MARK...



HERE, PATTY--GIVE 'EM A
DOSE OF LEAD POISONING
WHILE I WARM UP THE
MOTORS!



BOY!! I HEAR YOU
TALKING!!
THIS SURE
IS A HANDY
GADGET!



BANKS FINALLY GETS THE
SHIPS ENGINES HEATED, AND
SWINGING AROUND, CHASES
THE NATIVES INTO THE
JUNGLE...



LOOPS QUICKLY CLIMBERS
IN AND AS THEY TAKE OFF,
THE TEMPLE BURSTS
INTO BITS....



THAT'S THAT!! Y'KNOW I
SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET
A DATE OUTA JANET
FOR THIS...WATCH ME
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW
IT'S DONE!!



HA HA NA! WHAT'S A
MATTER... DID SHE
SAY NO?

YEAH...
AN SO DID THE
GENERAL/WHYNT
YOU TELL ME SHE
WAS HIS WIFE,
YOU BIG
LUG!!



The SNIPER

MEN CALL ME THE SNIPER...
A HUNTER OF MEN...AND IT IS
TRUE!! BUT THOSE SIMILAR IN
I HUNT ARE THE BEASTS
ACTION OF THE JUNGLE...COLD,
RUTHLESS SLAYERS!!
...MEN WHO HAVE
COMMITTED ACTS
OF SUCH BRUTAL
VIOLENCE...BUT LOOK
BELOW AND SEE WHAT
I MEAN!!

by
TED

...WE FIRST CAME IN
TO PROMINENCE IN
SUDETENLAND!

BUT FRANZ, WE ARE
YOUR SCHOOL MATES!
WOULD YOU KILL US
WITH YOUR
OWN
HAND?

I KNOW NO FRIENDS
I KNOW ONLY LOYALTY
TO DER FUEHRER!
...HERE I'M ANSWER
ING!

THIS SHOULD GIVE
YOU AN IDEA OF THE
COLD VICIOUSNESS OF ONE
HERD BROCK!! BRUTAL
INHUMAN ACTS... SUCH AS
THE ABOVE... WERE WHAT SET
ME TO STALKING ONE OF THE
MOST CUNNING AND RUTHLESS
MURDERERS WHO
EVER DREW BREATH!



HERR BROCK IS MY PROBLEM...
THE SOLUTION LIES IN A SINGLE
BULLET FROM MY RIFLE...
A NASTY ANSWER... A NECESSARY
ONE, BUT THERE IS MORE I MUST
DO... MORE THAN JUST KILL!

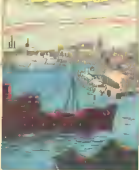


UND FOR YOUR SERVICES
DER FUEHRER HASS DER
HONOR OFF SENDING
YOU TO NORWAY!

THANK YOU MEIN
FUEHRER.. I WILL SERVE
YOU AS I HAFE IN
DER PAST..
THANK YOU!!

THAT MOMENT... IN THE FAMED WILHELMSTRASSE...

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
A TROOP SHIP SLIPS ITS
MOORINGS FROM THE DOCKS
OF HAMBURG EN ROUTE
TO NORWAY...



NO! HERR BROCK SOON
BECOMES GAULEITER
BROCK!.....
GAULEITER BROCK...
I SALUTE YOU...
VOT S DOT AUFER.



DER
DER SNIPER!!

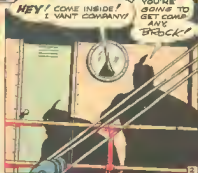


CAN'T.. CAN'T SLEEP!
I.. I SEEM TO FEEL
HIM AROUND.. BETTER
FOR MEIN NERVES OUT
I TALK!



HEY! COME INSIDE!
I WANT COMPANY!

YOU'RE
GOING TO
GET COMP
ANY
BROCK!



THE DOOR TO BROCK'S CABIN SWINGS OPEN AND...

"ULP! I AM COMPANY... I AM COMPANY... IN THE FORM OF... THE SNIPER!!!"



"HAH! TAKE... ULP!"

"SEVEN YEARS BAD LUCK, BROCK..."



THE WHIZZING MIRROR IS SHATTERED AS A BULLET ZINGS INTO IT!

...AND CONTINUING ITS FLIGHT SMASHES INTO THE LIGHT BULB, PLUNGING THE ROOM INTO INKY DARKNESS!

"DER LIGHT! HAH! NOW I GET OUT!"



TREMBLING FEET POUND UPSTAIRS AND ON TO THE DECK.



SHE ALWAYS A FIGURE LURKS BEHIND!

"DER SNIPER! HE IS AFTER ME!"



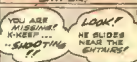
DON'T WORRY! WE ARE TOO MANY FOR EVEN HIM TO TRY ANYTHING!



AND NOW... NAZI DOES... YOU GET THE BEST OF MY BLESSINGS!



UNSTEADY FINGERS WILDLY PUMP LEAD AT THE SLIDING SNIPER!



YOU ARE MISSING! K-KEEP... SHOOTING!!

LOOK! HE SLIDES NEAR THE ENTRAIRS!



YOU ARE RIGHT HAH! NO-NO... WE HAFF HIM TRAPPED!



J-JA!

S-SHOOT HIM! ..QVICK!

SECONDS LATER, A SMIRK OF TRIUMPH SPREADS OVER BROCK'S FAT FACE... AS FROM BELOW COMES THE RAT-TAT-TAT OF RAPID FIRING GUNS!

AWW! DER REIGN OF DER SNIPER COMES TO AN END...
...UND

CRACK
BANG

Plunging through the hatch, Brock scrambles to his feet!

ACH NIMMEL!
HE IS SO RELENT-
LESS... VOT
CAN... ANNNNN...

I WILL RECEIVE
ALL DER CREDIT
UH... UH!

HELLO
BROCK!

HIS STERN FACE CAUGHT BY THE SHADOWS... THE HUNTER OF MEN PRESSES ON!

HA-HA - HE THINKS HE HAS ME CORNERED... HE WILL SOON FIND OUT DOTT MERR BROCK WAS CHOSEN FOR HIS BRAINS!

GOODBYE,
SNIPER!

CRASH

DEAD...
DEAD... HE IS
DEAD!
HA-HA...
HA-HA...

LAUGH WHILE YOU CAN, BROCK, FOR YOUR SANDS ARE RUNNING FAST!

HAAA...
ONNNNN...
BUT I KILLED YOU!

SLOWLY... STEADILY... SNIPER
ADVANCES UPON HIS GAME.

ALMOST KILLED
ME BROCK. NOW,
PERHAPS I CAN
DO A BETTER
JOB!

AND BUSTERS
OF LIVE STEAM
LEAP INTO
BROCK'S FACE

THAT COLD
WATER'LL CRACK
AND BLOW THE
SHIP HIGHER
THAN A KITE!
!!!

AN ANGRY MURMURS SOUND
FROM THE TORTURED ENGINES
BELOW

A FRENZIED MOTION AND RED-
HOT COALS WHIZ TOWARD
SNIPER!

...AND A FINGER TIGHTENS ON
A SENSITIVE TRIGGER

SECONDS LATER.....
WARNING RUMBLINGS SOUND
FROM BELOW!

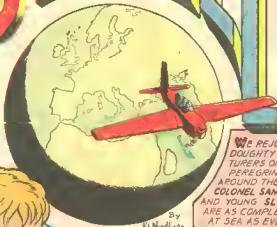
TO DER
LIFEBOATS
!!!

SIREN! BUT
AS AGENTS OF
NAZI GERMANY
YOU HAVE LOST
YOUR LEASE ON
LIFE!

A RIFLE
CRACKS TWICE!

YES! THAT'S WHAT HAP-
PENED. I WOULD TELL YOU
MORE... BUT ONCE AGAIN
I HAVE CAUGHT THE SCENT
OF EVIL AND MUST TAKE
TO THE TRAIL... HUNTING
DOWN A MAN WHO MUST
DIE!

SHOT & SHELL



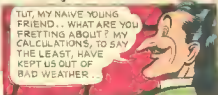
WHEN'LL I EVER
LEARN TO IGNORE
YOU... NOW
YA GOT
US OVER
THE
DUTCH
EAST
INDIES

WE REJOIN OUR
DOUGHTY MISADVENTURERS ON THEIR
PEREGRINATIONS
AROUND THE GLOBE...
COLONEL SAM SHOT
AND YOUNG SLIM SHELL
ARE AS COMPLETELY
AT SEA AS EVER...

By
KI Nardling



TUT, MY NAIVE YOUNG
FRIEND... WHAT ARE YOU
FRETTERING ABOUT? MY
CALCULATIONS, TO SAY
THE LEAST, HAVE
KEPT US OUT OF
BAD WEATHER...

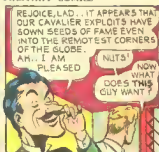


HEAVENS! WHAT ARE YOU
WAITING FOR? DESCEND,
SLIM! MAKE FOR
TERRA FIRMA!!



HALLO, GENTLEMEN...
HONOLABLE MASTER VAN
DER DOOPLE ALL SAME
EXPECT YOU... TOO BAD IT
RAIN EVLY
DAY THIS
TIME.





DOT WILL BE ENOUGH
OF OBJECTIONS!

AND THE TWO AMERICANS ARE FORCED
TO RELINQUISH THEIR CLOTHING...

THE SUN IS OUT AGAIN,
SLIM. THE WORKERS
ARE RETURNING TO THE
RICE-FIELDS.



WHY YOU ARE NOT OUT IN
FIELDS, PLEASE? GO!

MY GOOD MAN... I FEAR
YOU ARE HARBORING A
DELUSION... TO WHAT ESTATE
DO YOU THINK WE HAVE
SUNK, THAT YOU ---

CEASE IDLE PRATTLE!
WORK!!



WORK!... OR YOU LIKE LEAD TO
PUNCTUATE ORDERS?

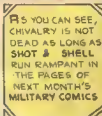
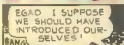
BAH! WHY WAS
I SUCH AN UN-
DISCIPLINED
SCHOLAR?...
WHY DIDN'T
I TAKE MY
JIU-JITSU LESSONS SERIOUSLY?



BESIDES I CAN'T BEAR
WET FEET!



WELL, HERE WE GO AGAIN!



NAVY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION AT SEA
Section 2.

YANKEE EAGLE

By
JOHN
STEWART



TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE IN OUR RACE TO ARM AGAINST AGGRESSION BY THE AXIS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION AND SO IT IS THAT OUR GREAT SHIPYARDS WORK FULL SPEED AHEAD, TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY TO TURN OUT ALL-STEEL MONSTERS OF THE DEEP TO PROTECT OUR FLAG.

AS MEMBER OF A SENATE NAVAL COMMITTEE SENATOR WALTER NOBLE INSPECTS A SHIPYARD IN COMPANY WITH HIS SON JERRY...



IN A GRIMY TENEMENT ROOM ONLY A FEW BLOCKS FROM THE SHIPYARD...



A FEW MINUTES LATER AT THE HOME OF ONE OF THE WORKMEN FROM THE YARD...

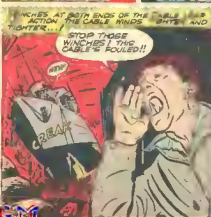


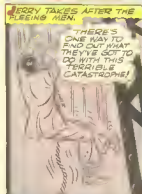
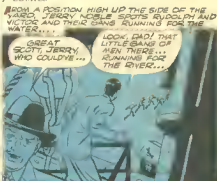
BUT WHEN THE WORKMAN'S WIFE TURNS HER BACK ON THEM...



THE WORKMAN'S HEROIC WIFE JERKS SUDDENLY OUT OF THE WAY...



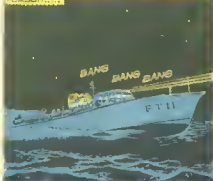




THE SPEEDBOAT TAKES ON ALL BUT THE MAN JERRY NOBLE BROUGHT DOWN....



A NAVY TORPEDO BOAT SPRINGS TO THE PURSUIT....



....AND MAKES A KILL....!



BUT WHEN THEY COME ALONGSIDE THE STRICKEN SPEEDBOAT.....

HEY! THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN IN THIS BOAT... AND HE'S DEAD!

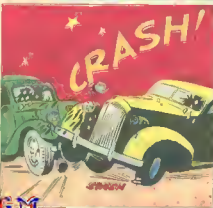


SO JERRY NOBLE HIMSELF IS IN POSSESSION OF THE ONLY WAY OF TRACKING DOWN THE INTERNATIONAL CRIMINALS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE COSTLY WRECKING OF THE AMERICAN CRUISER....

I'LL TAKE THIS FELLOW UP TO THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE ADMIRAL.

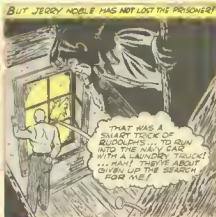


AS THEY DRIVE THROUGH TOWN A LAINEDY TRUCK DRIVEN BY RUDOLPH HURTTLES FROM A SIDE STREET...



VICTOR MAKES A BREAK....





NOT AN HOUR LATER, JERRY CRUISES IN A PLANE HIGH OVER THE GREAT NAVY SHIP-BUILDING YARDS.....



I'LL CLIMB THIS BABY UP TO HER CEILING AND CRUISE AROUND OR THEY'LL SPOT ME AND PULL OUT OF THIS MAD SCHEME!

MEANWHILE, FROM A SECRET AIR FIELD RUDDOWN RUNS AWAY FROM THE GROUND IN A SHIP LOADED TO THE BURSTING POINT WITH HIGH EXPLOSIVE!



GOOD JOB THERE'S HEAVENLY CLOUDS TONIGHT! I'LL FLY OVER THAT SHIPYARD AND DROP THIS CRATE RIGHT ON 'EM BEFORE THEY KNOW I'M ANYWHERE AROUND!

ALHOUQUETTED AGAINST THE LIGHT THROUGH THE CLOUD BANK, JERRY NOBLE SEES THE OUTLINE OF RUDDOWN'S DEATH SHIP!



THERE HE IS!... I'LL GET DOWN THERE QUICK AND HERD HIM INTO THE RIVER!



POWER DIVE!...

OH-OH! HE'S SEEN ME! HE'S GOING TO DIVE TOO!



ENGINES ROARING, THE TWO PLANES RACE EARTH-WARD. JERRY'S ONE CHANCE TO STOP HIM IS A CRASH IN AND-AIR!

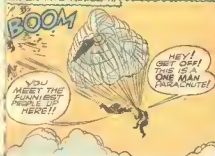


THAT FOOL! HE'S GOING TO RAM RIGHT INTO ME!... I'VE GOT TO BAIL OUT!

BUT JERRY NOBLE CAN'T BAIL OUT TILL HE KNOWS THE PLANES WILL CRASH... AT THE LAST MOMENT...



THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION BLOWS JERRY SWACK INTO RUDDOLPH!



JERRY DROPS AWAY FROM RUDDOLPH. OPENING HIS OWN CHUTE, HE LANDS SAFELY IN THE STREET, ONLY SECONDS LATER.



SO HE CHOKES THE SABOTEURS' RING LEADER UNCONSCIOUS...



JERRY QUICKLY GATHERS A SQUAD OF NAVY MEN AND HEADS FOR THE HIDEOUT OF THE REST OF THE GANG! A SHORT TIME LATER...



JERRY NOBLE'S SCRAPBOOK

of
NAVAL
INFORMATION



U.S. NAVY BATTLESHIPS ARE NAMED FOR STATES. THEY CARRY CREWS OF FROM ABOUT 1500 TO 1600 OFFICERS AND MEN, ACCORDING TO THE INDIVIDUAL CLASS OF BATTLESHIP. THE NEWEST TYPES HAVE NINE 16-INCH GUNS, 10-INCH DECK ARMOUR, AND 16-INCH HULL ARMOUR. THEY HAVE A CRUISING SPEED OF 27 KNOTS IN CONTRAST TO 20 KNOTS FOR THE OLDER "BATTLENAGONS". DISPLACEMENT TONNAGE VARIES FROM

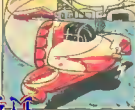
FOR THE RECENTLY LAUNCHED "NORTH CAROLINA."

.... WATCH FOR NEXT MONTH'S NAVY FACTS....



OUT OF THE COLD GREY
MIST OR AN ENGLISH
DAWN, ROCKETS A
REGULAR CRAFT...

LOOKS LIKE
A DEATH
PATROLLER!
HIT ANY
THO--ALTHO
HE FLIES
JUST AS CRAZILY!



SINK
ME! IT'S
A LITTLE
BOY, AND
E'S LUT!

'SOB' TAKE
ME TO THE
DEATH
PATROL! GIVE I
GOTTA SEE
'EM!



'DEATH PATROL! SOB, Y'GOTTA
LISTEN! PLEASE, PLEASE
COME WITH ME! THE NAZIS
ARE GONNA SHOOT MY
MOTHER AND FATHER!

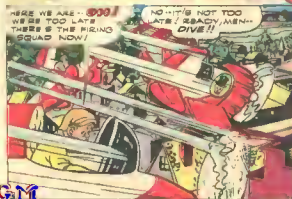
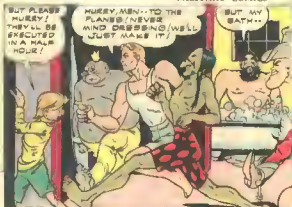


Y'SEE WE LIVE IN OCCUPIED FRANCE... AN WE WERE EATING SUPPER LAST NIGHT... WHEN SUDDENLY STORM TROOPERS BUSTED IN!!!

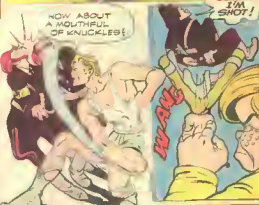
LISTEN TO FOREIGN PROGRAMS WILL YOU

--AND READ BOOKS THE RUSHER HAS BANNED!





THE DEATH PATROL ZOOOOMS TO A LANDING IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE, UPSETTING THE FIRING SQUAD!

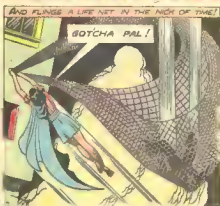
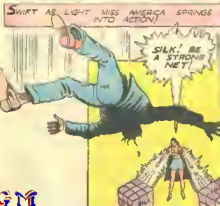
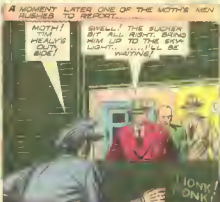
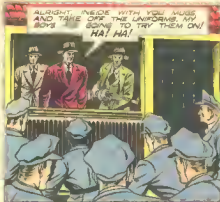




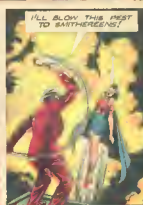


Miss AMERICA





AND HIGH ABOVE THE MOTH
AND HIS HENCHMEN LOOK
DOWN...



GRENADE.....BE
AN ALARM CLOCK
AND RING



AND PRESTO, THE TRANS-
FORMED GRENADE, RING-
ING LIKE BLAZES ROLLS
TOWARD UNCONSCIOUS TIM



NO...HUM.....
ANOTHER GAV
OH...OH
THE 'MOTH'!

RRINNGG!

AS TIM MAKES A DASH FOR THE
MOTH, MISS AMERICA HIDES.....



YOU'LL HAVE TO
DO BETTER, MOTHS!

DO I BASS
NOW
TEACHER?



MY CARD, MR
HEAVY....I
PROMISE YOU,
A HOT TIME!



INCENDIARY
CARDS...HELL
BURN UP THE
WAREHOUSE
AND TMI!

SUDDENLY A CRASHING ON THE
DOOR.....



COOPERS! BETTER
GET TO THE AUTO-
BIRD. ...

OPEN THE DOOR
IN THE NAME
OF THE LAW!

RECKLESSLY THE MOTHS FLINGS HIS INCEN-
DIARY CARDS TO MAKE AN INFERNO OF BLAZ-
ING SILK!



UNFURLING A ROLL OF SILK, MISS AMERICA
BATTLES THE FLAMES!.....



SILK! BE A MIGHTY FIRE HOSE.
....WATER DO YOUR STUFF OR
MISS AMERICA WILL BE PLAY-
ING HOSTESS TO THE POLICE!

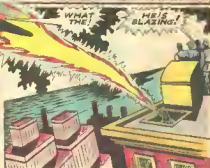
THE
BAGAN
IT
DOWN
BOYS?

SH-K



DOWN BELOW, MISS AMERICA ACTS TO STOP THE MOTH.....

STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW THE STREAM OF FLAME SHOOTS TO ITS MARK.....



SEARED BY FLAME, DOWN PLUNGES THE MOTH!

IN HEALY'S OFFICE THE NEXT DAY...



INFERIOR MAN

BY A. JAFFEE



THROUGH THE AGES, CRIME AND EVIL HAVE FLOURISHED UNHAMPERED... THEN, SEVERAL YEARS AGO, THE ERA OF THE "SUPER-POWERFUL MAN" CAME INTO BEING, BUT STILL CRIME WAS RAMPANT... SUDDENLY INTO THE CRINGING MINDS OF CROOKS AND CRIMINALS, AND INTO THE ENLIGHTENED HEARTS OF HOPEFUL HUMANITY THERE BECAME EMBLAZONED A NAME...

"A NAME WHICH SIGNIFIED COURAGE, POWER, RELENTLESS HONESTY... THAT NAME, WHICH HISTORY WILL WELL BE PROUD OF IS ..."

INFERIOR MAN
... NO MAN OF GREAT BRAUN IS HE... BUT HIS POWERFUL BRAIN CAN FIND NO MATCH... HIS INGENUOUS INVENTIONS ARE WORLD RENOWNED... BUT NOW ON WITH TODAY'S THRILLING ADVENTURE

OUR STORY OPENS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN WHERE FORT BANG IS LOCATED THE QUARTERMASTER IS LITTLE COURTNEY FUDD...



THAT NIGHT, COURTNEY HIKES OVER TO SEE HIS GIRL, HILDA PLUMP, ON THE WEST SIDE OF TOWN ---

OH COURTNEY! I'M SO HAVE NO SCARED! WHAT IF THE GREEN TERROR LITTLE DEW COMES HERE! DROP, I SHALL PROTECT YOU!



ATTENTION!! THE GREEN TERROR IS HEAD-ING TO THE WEST SIDE! WE PAUSE SEVERAL HOURS FOR IDENTIFICATION!



PLEASE, HILDA! I'M SORRY--I HATE TO LEAVE--BUT I MUST BE BACK AT CAMP!!!



LEAVING HILDA ALONE MAY HAVE GIVEN YOU THE IMPRESSION THAT COURTNEY IS A COWARD--OH HOW UNTRUE FOR AT THE VERY MOMENT HE IS SLIPPING INTO THE MURKY DARKNESS... ONE THOUGHT IN MIND... FIND THE TERROR.

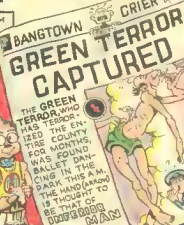
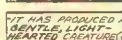
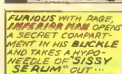
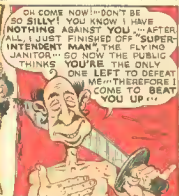


CLIMBING TO A NEAR-BY ROOF, SILENTLY DETERMINED, HE MAKES A QUICK CHANGE TO BECOME THE ONE--THE ONLY--



HE LEAPS, AND FLOATS GRACEFULLY ON AIR...







Military Comics presents the second in a series of stories dedicated to the brave people of conquered nations who have refused to bow to the Nazi oppressors.

This is the story of Madame La Donne, a woman of France, who valued her country's liberty above all else.

"For the last time, Madame, are you going to tell us where your son is hiding?" The Nazi officer was furious. "Tell us quickly, Madame, or you die in his place!"

Madame La Donne stated dully at the pacing officer. She was not an old woman, but time

and terror had left its marks deeply lined on her face.

"I told you before—I have no son," she said listlessly.

Coldly, with machine-like precision, the officer held his temper in check and repeated the words he had read to Madame La Donne again and again for the past hour.

"Our report tells us that you *do* have a son! He is twenty-two years of age, has a twin sister and is not married. Immediately after the murder of our officer in your home, a figure resembling him was seen in that vicinity. The neighborhood

patrol, upon entering the house, found only you and the body of the officer. No trace of the gun could be found, and your son was missing. Now tell me, where is he?"

Madame La Donne looked at the officer calmly. "I have no son," she said.

In rage, the officer sprang toward the woman, hand raised as if to strike her, but a commotion at the door to the office caught his eye.

"What's this," he shouted furiously. "What does all this noise mean?"

A sentry roughly pushed forward a slight figure dressed in



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933, OF POLICE COMICS published monthly at Buffalo, New York, on October 1, 1941.

Name of Corporation: ...

Country of Residence: ...

Before me, a notary public in and for the State of New York, personally appeared ... who, having been duly sworn, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the POLICE COMICS and that the following is a true and correct copy of the statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of the ... as required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 4111, Penal Law and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, business manager, and business managers, Publisher: ... Editor: ... Business Manager: ...

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the shabby clothes of a Parisian workman. "Your pardon, Sir, but this one claims to be Jean La Donne," he said.

"It is true," said the boy. "I am Jean La Donne. I have come to confess to the killing of the officer, and to save my mother from further harm than you dirty murderers have already done."

Madame La Donne, who had been staring at the boy as if transfixed, suddenly found her voice.

"No," she screamed, "No! That is not my son! That is—"

"Silence!" thundered the officer. "Enough of your stupidity, woman! Now take this fool out and shoot him," he commanded the soldiers. "Perhaps he will not be so cocky with his back to the wall!"

Amid the loud, incoherent wailings of Madame La Donne, the boy was hurried to the courtyard. Vexing his anger in screaming orders at his men, the officer followed, and the hysterical woman was forgotten as preparations were hastily made

for the execution. From among the soldiers in the yard, many of them just off duty and still carrying rifles and light machine guns, a firing squad was quickly chosen by the angry officer. In less time than it takes to tell, the boy was tied to a stake before a pock-marked wall, and the officer grinned cruelly at the prisoner.

"Now you die, Frenchman," he said, "although but one life is not enough to pay for the loss of an officer of the Leader's forces." He raised his arm. "Ready—Aim—"

A shot rang out. In the stunned silence, the officer choked, and as he slowly collapsed, his agonized eyes turned to the figure of Madame La Donne in the doorway, a smoking rifle still in her hands. No one moved as she spoke.

"Swine!" she said. "My son is already lost to me, and now you try to murder my daughter!"

As if released by the sound of her voice, the Nazi soldiers rushed forward. Madame La

Donne raised the gun to fire again, but a fusillade of bullets from the furious soldiers smashed her body against the wall like a rag doll. As she slowly slid down the wall, she tried to smile toward the horrified prisoner at the stake.

"Mother! Mother!" The voice of the condemned one, no longer disguised, was unmistakably that of a girl. One of the soldiers strode forward and roughly knocked the cap from her head, revealing a cascade of golden hair.

"It is true," he shouted, "it is a girl! But—but if you are the daughter of the old woman, then where is the son?"

In sudden defiance, the girl laughed in the soldier's face. "The son?" she said, "the son is dead! He changed his name and sold out to you butchers! Mother said she would rather see him dead—and she killed him!" She laughed again. "A good joke, isn't it? He was the officer whose body you found in our home!"

THE TOP ACE OF THE R.A.F.

FLYING OFFICER ALBERT GERALD LEWIS
FROM KIMBERLEY, SOUTH AFRICA

AT 22, WAS SHOT
DOWN AT LEAST
20 NAZI
PLANES!

ONCE GOT 6 NAZIS
IN SIX HOURS!!

WAS ONCE SHOT
DOWN, AND
BURNING FROM
HEAD TO FOOT, HE
PARACHUTED
TO EARTH, A
FLAMING TORCH!
3 MONTHS LATER
HE WAS FLYING
AGAIN.....





This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from British Information Bureaus

PHANTOM ARMY OF VENGEANCE

BRITISH COLONIAL TROOPS STILL FIGHTING FROM CRETAN HILLS!

LOST BATTALION ALIVE!

Late news dispatches from Europe carry the startling story of a daring band of British Colonial Troops, until now believed to have been wiped out in the Battle of Crete, who are still alive and fighting a fierce guerrilla war against the Nazi Army of Occupation.

Holding a suicidal rear-guard position against overwhelming odds, the Australians and New Zealanders held the Nazi tide in check until the main body of British troops had been evacuated, then mysteriously disappeared.

Through channels available only to this magazine, Military Comics presents the TRUE story of these amazing fighters, who seem to have resurfaced from the dead to battle the Nazi war machine.

Down, May 20, 1941: In the ghostly grey of morning, the hangars of Maleme airbase, one of five British airbases on the island of Crete, bulk large against the eastern sky.

The hollow, measured tread of a sentry, echoing and stretching along the towering walls, is the only sound to break the stillness of the dawn. And then, far away, a persistent buzzing sound grows to a drone—a roar, startling a sleepy sentry



... TO BEGIN THE FIRST COMPLETELY
AIRBORNE INVASION IN HISTORY...!!



ASSEMBLE ALL GUN-
...VE ATTACK DER
AIRFIELD....!



DESPERATELY THE ROYAL
AIR FORCE TRIES TO GET
ITS PLANES INTO THE AIR



BUT THE ATTACK IS TOO SWIFT.
THEIR PLANES ARE DESTROYED



THE DAUNTLESS ANZACS
FIGHT ON AGAINST THE
NAZI PARACHUTISTS....



DAY AFTER DAY FROM
BEHIND TREE STUMPS AND
ROCKS, THE MERCILESS
FIGHTING RAGES ON...



... STILL THE NAZIS COME!
GLIDER TROOPS MORE PARA-
CHUTISTS! WITH THEIR AIR
BASES GONE,
THE BRITISH
WITHDRAW

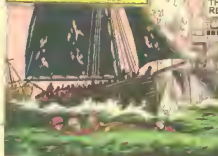


FINALLY AFTER TEN
TERRIBLE DAYS....

IT'S NO USE!! WE
MUST EVACUATE...!
SIGNAL THE NAVY
TO STAND BY TO
PICK US UP...



OFF THE SHORES OF CRETE, BRITISH WARSHIPS STILL FIERCELY REPEL THE NAZI LANDING PARTIES....



MAJOR, YOUR ANZACS MUST HOLD OFF THE NAZI. ILL THE REST OF US REACH THE BEACH.

WE CAN DO IT!!



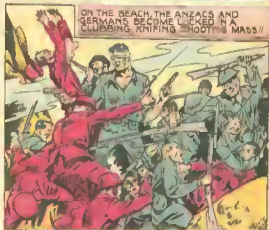
FOR HOURS THE TOUGH AUSTRALIAN TROOPS FIGHT A DESPERATE REAR GUARD ACTION..!



BUT INCH BY INCH, THEY ARE FORCED BACK TOWARD THE BEACH BY THE OVERWHELMING NUMBER OF NAZIS....!!



ON THE BEACH, THE ANZACS AND GERMANS BECOME LOCKED IN A CLUBBING KNIFING HOOT! & MASS!!



THEIR SACRIFICE IS NOT IN VAIN... THE TROOPS SAFELY ABOARD, THE BRITISH SHIPS BLAST OUT TO SEA....!!



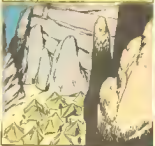
HIMMEL! DAT IS% OVER WHO VERE DOSE MAD-MEN WHO FOUGHT IN DAT REAR GUARD...!!



ANZACS, DEY ARE CALLED!... BUT DEY ARE GONE, THE ISLAND OF CRETE IS OURS



TWO WEEKS LATER... THE REMNANTS OF THE ANZAC REAR-GUARD ARE ENCAMPED HIGH IN THE CRETAN MOUNTAINS... HIDDEN FROM NAZI EYES!



YOU SAY THE NAZI REGULARS HAVE BEEN REPLACED WITH RECRUITS?



IT'S TRUE! WITH MINE OWN EYES I'VE SEEN IT.

BY JOVE! THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!... ORDER THE MEN TO GET READY TO MARCH!



THAT EVENING, IN A QUIET NAZI-OCCUPIED TOWN... A SHOT BREAKS THE STILLNESS.



...AND SWEEPING DOWN FROM THE HILLS COME THE AUSTRALIANS...!!



IN NO TIME, THE TOWN IS ABLAZE, THE ANZACS GONE!



VAT VAS DAT SHOT?

LET'S GO, THERE'S MORE WORK TO DO!

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, THE ANZACS ATTACK IN UNEXPECTED PLACES!...ANOTHER TOWN

IT'S THOSE ANZACS AGAIN! BUT HOW DID DEY GET HERE? LAST NIGHT DEY WERE ON DER OTHER SIDE OF DER ISLAND!



A NAZI AIRFIELD...!!



AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS



DOUBLE THE GUARD AT EVERY POST ON THE ISLAND... IF THEY ATTACK AGAIN WE MUST WIPE 'EM OUT!!

AT DAWN OF THE NEXT DAY, AT THE NAZI ARSENAL IN A SMALL TOWN-----

A FINE PLACE TO MAKE US SEASONED TROOPS

YA--I WISH SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN!



HIMMEL!



YOU GET YOUR WISH, JERRY!

GRAB AS MUCH AMMUNITION AS YOU CAN! BLOW UP THE REST



SUDDENLY ANOTHER SENTRY APPEARS ON THE SCENE-----!

ACH!--VAT GOES ON HERE?---HALT!



GOT 'IM!



LET'S GO--! I'VE LIT THE FUSE-- THIS PLACE IS GOING TO BLOW SKY-HIGH--!!

HEAD FOR THE WOODS, MEN!--EVERY NAZI IN TOWN WILL BE ON US NOW--!



HERE THEY COME !!

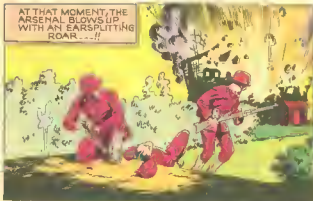
SPREAD OUT, BOYS --LET 'EM HAVE IT--



--AND HIDDEN IN THE WOODS, THE ANZACS POUR A WITHERING FIRE INTO THE PURSUING NAZIS---



AT THAT MOMENT, THE
ARSENAL BLOWS UP
WITH AN EARSPLITTING
ROAR...!!



THAT'S THAT!... LET'S
GO BEFORE MORE
TROOPS ARRIVE...!!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

CAPTAIN! WHAT
HAS HAPPENED...?
HOW DID THE
ARSENAL BLOW
UP?

THOSE
ANZACS DID
IT, GENERAL



THOSE SCHWEIN AGAIN!
WELL... DON'T STAND
THERE, FOOL!!... TAKE
SOME MEN
AND GO
AFTER
THEM!



AND THIS TIME, IF YOU DON'T
GET THEM, YOU'D BETTER
NOT RETURN YOURSELF...!!



AND SO, HOURS LATER, A WEARY, HOT
COLUMN OF NAZIS FOLLOWS THE
ANZACS' TRAIL INTO THE MOUNTAINS



BUT AS THE NAZIS MOVE ON,
THE ANZACS APPEAR AS
SILENTLY AS WRAITHS
BEHIND THEM...



THIS
IS STUPID
--THOSE
ANZACS
ARE MILES
AWAY BY
NOW!



MEANTIME, UP AHEAD, THE NAZI COLUMN IS FORCED TO HALT---

THE VALLEY ENDS! A SHEER ROCK WALL FACES US... WHERE COULD THE ANZACS HAVE GONE?



SUDDENLY... THE GOLDEN NOTE OF A TRUMPET SOUNDS UP ON THE HILLSIDE!



AND FROM BEHIND EVERY ROCK AND BUSH APPEARS AN ANZAC----



AT THE FIRST OUTBREAK OF FIRE, THE NAZIS SCATTER--

AMBUSH--! RUN DOWN THE TRAIL-- MEET AT THE BEND!



IN BLIND PANIC, THE NAZIS RACE FOR THE BEND IN THE TRAIL---



--AND RUN RIGHT INTO A BLAZING VOLLEY FROM A GROUP OF ANZACS BLOCKING THE TURN IN THE TRAIL--



TAKE COVER IN THE WOODS----

AH-K-H-H



YOU GOIN' SOMEWHERE FRITZ--!

ACH!-- WE'RE TRAPPED!



THE SURVIVING NAZIS REALIZE
FURTHER RESISTANCE IS
SUICIDE --

K-KAMERAD



LINE 'EM UP, BOYS
--WE'LL MARCH
THEM BACK TO
CAMP



THE ANZACS AND THEIR
PRISONERS VANISH ONCE
AGAIN AMONG THE ROCKY
CRAGS OF CRETE'S MOUNTAINS



WHILE A FEW SCATTERED
NAZIS STRUGGLE BACK
TO THE TOWN --



WHAT IS
IT?

DER MEN HAFF
RETURNED --
VAT'S LEFT OF
DEM



HIMMEL! WHERE
ARE THE REST
OF THE MEN?

ALL DEAD OR
CAPTURED,
GENERAL --
ONLY A FEW
OF US
ESCAPED !!



OH-H -- ALL MY MEN --!
WHAT'S THE USE -- I'M
A FAILURE !! -- I'LL END
IT ALL --



DON'T, GENERAL --
THE FUHRER --
HE WOULDN'T
LIKE IT --!



... AND SO TODAY, HIDDEN
SOMEWHERE IN THE HILLS OF
CRETE, ARE MORE THAN A
THOUSAND MEN, UNDAUNTED
BY THE MIGHT OF THE NAZI
OPPRESSORS -- MAY THEIR
VALIANT COURAGE CARRY
THEM ON TO VICTORY -- !!

The ATLANTIC PATROL

BASED ON OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY REPORTS



A Mobil story

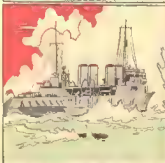
AS THE U.S. GREER STEAMS TOWARD ICELAND, A LONE U-BOAT STEALTHILY CREEPS TOWARD HER...!!



TORPEDO! TWO POINTS OFF THE STARBOARD BEAM...!!

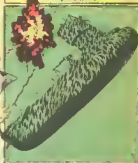


THE GREER'S HELM IS SLAMMED HARD OVER... AND THE TORPEDO MISSES...

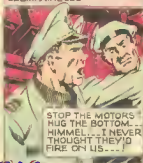


DEPTH CHARGES ROLL OFF THE DESTROYER'S FOAMING STERN...!!

FOR THREE HOURS THE GREER HUNTS HER ELUSIVE QUARRY



FAR BELOW THE SURFACE, IN THE DESPERATELY FLEEING SUBMARINE...



STOP THE MOTORS HUG THE BOTTOM... HIMMEL... I NEVER THOUGHT THEY'D FIRE ON US...!

CAN'T SAY WHETHER WE GOT THAT SUB OR NOT... RESUME OUR ORIGINAL COURSE...



AND SO THE GREER, FIRST U.S. VESSEL TO BE FIRED ON IN WORLD WAR II, PROCEEDS TO HER DESTINATION...



THE ATLANTIC PATROL IS ACTIVELY ENGAGED IN GUARDING THE APPROACHES TO OUR SHORES... IN THE NEXT ISSUE, ANOTHER THRILLING INCIDENT FEATURING THE ATLANTIC PATROL...!!

Your CHRISTMAS Daisy READY

LOOK 'EM OVER NOW!

DAISY SINGLE SHOT

— Loads only 1 shot at a time. Super action.

1/2

RICKELLED .22-S&W REPEATER

— All metal parts built solid. A repeater that shoots better than most.

1/2

LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE

— Daisy's highest speed Adjustable Double Match Rear Sight.

2

BUCK JONES SPECIAL

— In short pump carbine is Outdoor Rifle. Full length 16 in. Carbine with no pump handle. Adjustable Double Match Rear Sight.

3.50

DAISY PUMP GUN

— The most popular of all pump guns. Full length 16 in. Carbine with no pump handle. Adjustable Double Match Rear Sight.

4.50

Shoot a GOLDEN BANNED 1800 SHOT

RED RYDER
Saddle

CARBINE

Tell Dad to hang one of these beautiful Daisys on your Christmas Tree! Why not make it a western saddle carbine? Red Ryder Carbine features Golden Bands, adjustable double-notch Rear Sight, Lightning-Loader invention for loading 1000 shot in 20 seconds, carbine style Cocking Lever, full-length Four-piece 16-inch Leather Thong knotted to authentic Swivel Carbine Ring—and Red Ryder's brand on pistol grip stock. Comes packed in colored carton. Choose your favorite Daisy—buy it now at any hardware, sports goods or department store. If Dad has it it or no Dealer is now you send us the order of your Daisy—we'll rush it to you, post-paid! Daisy is sold in Canada on all other.

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2.95

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ONE JUMBO TUBE 5¢

DAISY TARGETEER PISTOL

The gun that is fun for the whole family. Targeteer Pistol, 100 shot, adjustable "double" sights, 13 target, \$2.95, 100 shot, complete.



DAISY AIR RIFLES

TOM HAD THE *Merriest Christmas* EVER!



FREE!

GET THIS MOVIE CYCLORAMA—SHOW IT TO YOUR DAD!

—With hot colored pictures of Buck Jones, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour and other movie stars—and it's Free! Just paste coupon on a postcard and sign your name and address.

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE!

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Insert on this card and be sure your bike is guaranteed for life.

Arnold, Schwinn & Company, Inc.
3156 N. Ashland Avenue
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Please send me your Free Movie Cyclorama

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Street _____

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